

# CALIBRON



MARCH, 1907



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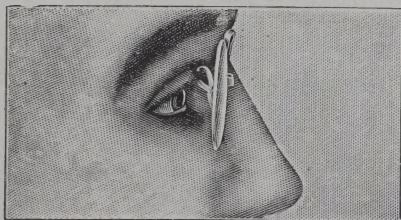
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When the first division entered high school in February, 1906, a meeting was called by the president of the Sophomore class, at which we decided to get class fobs. Nothing was done toward organizing the class until the other division entered last September. On September 20, at a meeting called by the president of '08, the Freshmen were organized into the strong class of 1910 and officers were elected for the year '06-'07. A meeting was held February 8 to make arrangements for a social to be given in the near future.

### Organization

Bruce Winch .....	President	Hazel Smith.....	Historian
Ed. McCaskey.....	Vice-President	Mary Randall.....	Poetess
Alfred Gross.....	Treasurer	Karl Bridenstein.....	Associate Editor
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Virginia Harper, Hazel Smith.....	Literary	.....	Illustrating
Leonard McCurdy.....	Yow's	Sam Jones.....	Athletics

## Class Poem

### I.

Youths of bravery; maids of beauty,  
Harken! Harken! while I sing  
Of our wondrous achievements,  
All accomplished in life's spring.

### II.

Through the ages to the present  
Was a class ere wiser than  
This, whose triumphs *all* are praising;  
This, or dear old "1910?"

### III.

In the class-room, in the work-shop,  
In the rush or on the field  
To our prowess and our daring  
Every foe must conquered, yield.

### IV.

Youths of bravery, maids of beauty,  
Harken! harken! to me then;  
'Tis good stuff we all are made of  
Glory for old "1910!"

—Class Poetess 1910.



## A Boarding School Turncoat

"We, the Great and Glorious Sophomores, challenge you, the Wee and Weakly Freshmen, to a Basket-Ball game, 'neath the lofty canopy of the Gymnasium hall."

The Freshman class looked at their president in dismay, after she read the above notice. There were murmurs of "sneaks," "cads," "unfair," from various parts of the room.

The president demanded order, then said, "Girls, we are all taken aback by this rather unkind challenge from the Sophomores; we all know how unable we are to meet this, but prepared, or not, there is simply one thing to do. That is, to accept the challenge and then just train for all we are worth. Whatever happens, the Juniors are our friends, and I believe we can make the Seniors admire our grit. We shall take a vote on it. All in favor of accepting this challenge say "aye."

All were in favor, save one girl who had been sitting silently in one corner. During the president's talk there had been an amused expression on her face. When the end had come, a bright gleam flashed in her dark eyes and she shrugged her shoulders and gave a short knowing laugh. She had taken no part in the voting, but the girls were too excited to notice it.

After they had decided to organize and practice, the following evening, the girl, whose name was Eleanor Harding, made her way to the room of the Sophomore president. She was a tall, strongly

built girl; her masses of dark hair were done in a careless, yet becoming manner, with a long thick braid hanging down her back. She had been in the class that were Sophomores, and naturally her feelings were against the Freshmen and with the Sophomores.

She hurriedly rushed into the Sophomore president's room and after about half the class were assembled, she laughingly told them about the reception that the challenge had received. They laughed at the names they were called. "But, really, girls," Eleanor said, "those Freshies are mighty determined. They have a lot of grit and a couple of good players among them. Of course they can't possibly beat you with your play, but I believe they are going to concoct some little side plays. Of course I shall see most of the training and tell you all their weak points; or, better still, if they offer me a place on the team, I'll play real well until the eleventh inning, then—, then," she laughed excitedly, "oh girls! you'll wipe the floor with them."

The mighty rap and call "young ladies, lights out," came from the door, and Eleanor reluctantly went to her room, full of plans to help the Sophomores and worst the Freshmen.

The next day, Helen Devine, the president of the Freshman class, called a class meeting to organize a team. She picked the first four out with apparent ease, only asking one or two to run across the hall, and expand their chests and to



let her feel their arm muscles.

Then, as she glanced at the twenty-five girls remaining, a troubled expression passed over her pretty face. "Oh, if I were not humpbacked!" she thought. "I am strong enough otherwise. Who shall I have? We need a good strong player for center with as weak a forward as we have. I wonder who it shall be. Oh, how I would like to do it!"

Unconsciously, as she thought thus, she doubled up her arm, swelling the muscles, and heaved a sigh as she felt the strength that was there, and yet she knew that because of her back she could do nothing.

Eleanor saw the moment and a wave of pity passed over her as she realized of what Helen must be thinking. But then, as she remembered her promise to the Sophomores of the night before, she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

Helen glanced in her direction and a smile crossed her face. "Oh, Miss Harding," she said, "you're just the girl we are looking for. We need a good strong player who knows all about the game to play center. Will you help us out?"

"Delighted!" said Eleanor. Her tone and manner almost betrayed her real feelings. Helen gave her a quick glance then said in a tone so low that no one but Eleanor could hear her, "of course you know, Miss Harding, that although you may really sympathize with the class of '09 you are one of us now, and we expect, if you join the team, that you will put your best effort to our cause."

Eleanor looked steadily at her for a moment. Was it possible, she asked herself, that this girl knew her motive in accepting? But the innocent, eager expression in Helen's eyes made her blush and say in spite of herself, "I'll do my best, Captain."

Helen held out her hand and smiled. "We are friends now, I hope," she said

simply, "let us forget the little misunderstanding we had some time ago." Eleanor gripped her hand in a hearty squeeze and played that night as she had never played before. Every move she made she knew that Helen's eyes were upon her. They had an enormous score over their scrub team.

When the game was over, Helen rose and said, "Girls, if we keep up like this the Sophs will have to hurry to get ahead of us. But remember one thing, even if we get beaten badly, let all our play be good open play, no underhanded side tricks for the class of '10."

Afterwards, Helen went to find Eleanor, but she had evidently gone. As she passed through a corridor she heard Eleanor's voice saying, "Well, those little Freshies aren't so bad, but you will beat 'em easy; there is no hope for them. Yes, I'll keep you posted on all their tricks."

Helen hurried to her room, bewildered and hurt. So this, then, was the kind of a girl Eleanor Harding was, a girl who would deliberately deceive. What could she do, she could not very well ask her to leave the team, the other girls admired her skill in playing and she lacked positive proof of Eleanor's guilt, but oh dear, she must do something. The Freshies must whip those Sophomores. After awhile, she got to thinking quietly about it. There was only one thing to do. To go to Eleanor and make her see just how underhanded the actions she contemplated were, to appeal to her sense of honor about it, to tell her what she had heard and to beg her not carry out her promise to the Sophomores. But it was too late to go that night, and so she planned to wait until another day.

Another day came. In German recitation, Helen wrote a note to Eleanor, asking her to eat lunch that noon with her and to take a little walk before afternoon recitations. Much to her surprise



and disappointment, Eleanor declined, saying that she had already accepted an invitation from Jessie Randall, the Sophomore secretary, to go to the matinee, and she did not think that she would be home in time to play that evening.

This added greatly to Helen's alarm, but after awhile, the picture of Eleanor, as she had stood there with her hands in hers and had said, "I'll do my best, Captain," came to her. "A girl that could look as she did when she said that, can't be at heart," thought Helen. "I'll get a chance some time, to say something to her and I know she will tell me all about it. I'll have faith in her a little stronger, at any rate."

At the matinee that afternoon, Eleanor had a most miserable time. It was hard for a girl with as large a heart and as much conscience as she had, to play such a double-faced game as she was playing. She thought what fun it would be to worst the Freshies,—she hated the Freshies, simply because she had failed and had been thrown back with them—and yet, she could not help feeling a pang when she thought of the way Helen had said, "We are friends now, I hope," and how she, Eleanor Harding, had shaken hands on it. She admired Helen Devine, in fact there was not a girl in the whole school who did not love her. Her unhappy deformity had only served to sweeten her temper and make her more lovable. It had always been one of Eleanor's highest ambitions to be one of Helen's set. Now, if Helen should find out what she was doing, there would be no hope of her ever attaining that place.

She could not go back to the Sophomores, and yet what a sneak she was! She had better make a clean breast of it, to either side at least and then have nothing more to do with it, whatever.

When they had left the theatre,

Eleanor hurried her friend home, and then ran quickly down the gymnasium. Through the half opened door of the dressing room she heard the voice of one of the girls saying, "If I were you, Helen, I'd fire Eleanor Harding from the team. I have reason to suspect that she is coaching the Sophs on our weak spots. You know she went to the matinee with Jessie Randall. If I am talking sense, and I think I am, we will have to hustle some, to get ahead of those Sophs, when they have Eleanor Harding helping them to victory."

A hot flush overspread Eleanor's face, her heart beat like a trip hammer, then the words of Helen Devine came to her through the door. "Girls," said Helen, "I may be wrong, but with all my heart I trust her."

Eleanor leaned against the wall, buried her face in her arms and sobbed. "Oh what a cad I am, with all her heart she trusts me! What shall I do?" Then in her heart she prayed that she might do what was right, and that if she must tell Helen that Helen must understand. "I will tell her all," she whispered to herself, "she will understand."

Eleanor followed Helen home that night. At the door of her room Helen stopped, for she heard a voice calling "Miss Devine." Eleanor approached her and putting her arms around her neck she burst into tears. Helen led her quietly into the room and they sat on the bed, while Eleanor, half laughingly, half sobbingly, told her all. Helen kissed her when she was through and said, "It's all right, little girl, I understand." Then as she said good night at the door, Eleanor said, "Let's drop this 'Miss' business; I am just plain Eleanor now."

As each day passed, the Freshies grew stronger and more confident in their work. Every day Eleanor took some news to the Sophomores, but it was news



which they might easily have gained, or else was nothing at all.

The eventful day came. The sun rose that morning the same as it always did; lessons went on the same as usual, but at half-past-seven p. m. sharp, at the blow of the whistle, the two teams, one overconfident, the other a little bit depressed, but determined, entered the field.

As Eleanor passed Helen she said, "I'll do my best, Captain." Helen smiled and gave her hand a little squeeze. Both thought of the first time Eleanor had said that.

The whistle blew again, and they were in their places. The Sophomores were taken aback when they saw Eleanor playing as center. She had not told them that she was on the Freshman team. They thought that she had simply been playing on the "scrub" team. At first they were highly indignant, but when they thought it over calmly, they realized that they had little to be angry for after all.

The ball went up, the game began. The ball was hit by Eleanor, but caught by an '09 man and thrown to their goal. She caught it but missed her throw. Eleanor, who was everywhere at once, and led the '09 center in an awful race, caught it. Some excellent passing was done. The ball finally reached the '09 goal; she threw but missed her basket; Eleanor caught it and threw it to her, again she missed and again Eleanor caught it, and, as she threw it, a clear voice from the balcony, which even among that vast assemblage of Seniors, Juniors, Faculty, etc., could be recognized as Helen called out. "Third time's the charm!" The goal threw and the ball went through the basket, at which the cheers which burst from the mouths of the excited Freshmen was enough to wake the dead.

But the game was far from won. The next goal that was made was on the So-

phomore side, and the one following that, and at the end of the first half, the score was 4 to 2 in favor of the Sophomores.

But it had been a hard fought battle, and although pretty tired the Freshmen put on a face even more determined than before. Helen came down and spoke to Eleanor. "You're all right, girlie," she said, "we'll make those Sophs sorry that they were ever born."

Eleanor laughed, but said, "You know Helen, the Soph. Center Tess Jordan, is going to play in this half. I am not afraid of her, but I wish we had a better forward. There is little hope for us, I fear, however, for the third time (the referee's whistle was blowing) I say it again, I'll do my best, Captain."

Again the ball was thrown up. Eleanor had a battle to fight. The girl she was playing against was a star, but Eleanor did not let that daunt her. She knew that her only hope was in staying right with Tess. A foul was made by the Freshmen, at which the Sophomores, unguarded, threw a goal. They missed! This gave the Freshmen more courage.

The ball was caught by Eleanor, she threw it to the forward who missed it, but as it rolled on the floor Eleanor was after it. She was now near the goal. It would be a different throw, but she determined to try. Tess was guarding away for dear life, but with a swing of her body, Eleanor freed herself and straight over the heads of the others, bounded the ball into the basket. After the cheers had died down, the same clear voice from the balcony called out "Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Eleanor! She looked up gratefully and quickly got into position again.

In the excitement, one of the '09 girls deliberately walked with the ball. That, of course, was a foul. The '10 center, Eleanor, threw for the basket, the ball went through. Then the referee called



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time, score 5 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen. Eleanor had saved the day.

That evening, after being carried away on the shoulders of the victorious and jubilant Freshmen, Eleanor and Helen stood alone together out in the moonlight. They spoke no word, but there was a strange, sweet understanding between them. A voice from some-

where back in the world called "Girls, you must come now." They both noticed that it was "girls," not "young ladies" that she said, and oh! how good and homelike it sounded to both of them.

As Eleanor left Helen at her door, she extended her hand and said with a smile, "I did my best, Captain." DICK.





## The Birthday Feast

Irene Willard had issued invitations to her girl friends to the effect that there would be a feast and masquerade in her room "from 10 o'clock till they got ready to go back to their rooms." She had asked Madame Rouleigh to allow her to have a birthday celebration but as Madame had denied her this pleasure or folly 'as Madams termed it) Irene decided to have one anyway.

Irene's room was in the third story of a large seminary near Boston (known as Beaver College) and there was no teacher's rooms nearer than Madame's and that was at the end of the hall. There was also a fire escape leading from the room to about four and one-half feet from the ground.

After supper Irene asked two of the girls to come to her room as she might need some help. She descended the five escape with a large basket and plenty of 'chink,' dropped the six feet and ran to the grocery store around the corner.

After purchasing as much as her basket would hold, she hired the grocery boy, Heine, to carry the bucket of ice cream which she bought at a nearby confectioners. Coming back to the fire escape she found it impossible to lift her basket to the first step, so she sent Heine back in a hurry for some good carrots and pickles. When he returned she rapped at the cellar door and old Watcher (as the girls called him) opened the door and after she had presented him with the pickles he promised not to tell Madame. Irene crept softly up the back stairs and into her room, fol-

lowed by Heine, who, after depositing his burden, crawled down the fire escape.

As she entered the room Helen North exclaimed, "Irene, I believe Milly Armstrong is up to some mischief, for just a few minutes ago Madame came up and told her there was a large package for her in the office and Milly seemed awfully glad."

"Have you seen her since it came?" asked Irene.

"No, only I know she went straight to her room and locked the door."

At half past eight Madame came around to turn out the lights but Irene begged for a couple of hours extra for she couldn't get her Latin. Madame was always glad to see the girls study and consequently permitted Irene to have the extra hours.

At nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, all dressed in curious costumes. Suddenly there was a heavy step coming down the hall and the girls flew to the closet and Irene started to study but she did not see the book, for if she had she would have noticed that it was up side down. There was a heavy knock and to the nervous "come in" entered a foot ball player in full costume. Irene stared and the girls peeped out of the closet. The would-be foot ball player laughed and of course everyone recognized Milly Armstrong's voice. "Why, Milly Armstrong, I am surprised, where did you get it," does Madame know?" were the sudden exclamations.

"If you keep quiet I'll tell you," said Milly. As soon as I found out it was to



be a masquerade I wrote to Harry (that's my cousin at Oxford) and told him all and asked him to lend me his foot ball suit, and he brought it over this evening and he and the boys are going to serenade us tonight. Won't that be great?"

"Yes it would but Madame will catch on said Irene.

At half past ten all was ready for the feast. A tablecloth was spread in the middle of the room and the feast was eaten in peace.

"We had better clear this away before we eat the nuts and cream. I am afraid that Madame will hear," said Irene.

Just then the boys began to play kneath the window and the the girls all crowded to the windows to listen and some let down boquets in the scrap basket. At the moment when the boys said good night, Madame's step was

heard in the hall and the girls flew for safety some to the closet and six under the bed. But as the first girl was crawling under the bed she struck sack of nuts, burst it and sent the nuts flying all over the room. Irene tucked the oranges and fruits in the bed and crawled in. As Madame opened the door a prolonged snore reached her ears as Irene turned over in bed.

"Poor dear thing," sighed Madame, "She has got tired waiting and went to sleep," and out went the lights to the dismay of the girls. Giggling was going on constantly inside the bed and either Madame must have been a little bit deaf or else she thought it was the brathing of the peaceful sleeper."

After Madame had gone the girls crept slowly to bed and not one of the teachers knew anything about it.

L. CLARK, F. W. H. S. '10.





## Strength is Not Power

Once, many centuries ago, in the heart of the great Teutoburg forest there lived a smith. In all the country around there was not such another. His blades, it was said, could cleave a hair in its fall when swung in skillful arms, and the temper of the battle-axes was such that no armor could dull them. All day he worked at his smithy, and while the sparks flew and he swung his mighty hammer he would sing. He sang of the great Odin, who ruled the heavens, of the clever Loki who could strike fire from the rock, and of the good Baldur, who was wise as well as kind. But most of all he sang of Thor, Thor, the mighty thunderer, who struck his hammer on the mountains and they split, or swung it in the heavens and they roared, or slashed it upon the sea and it raised its mighty waves. So all day long he worked, and when the evening had come he would lay away his tools and prepare his rude supper. Then after supper he would sit for awhile in the starlight thinking of Thor and the deities, and then would fling himself upon his wolf skin cot and fall asleep. And with the first streak of daylight, which stole in through the cracks in the roof of his hut, he would bound off his cot, and with a short song of praise to the Given of all good things he was back at his forge. So all day he worked again, and he grew mighty in body and great in heart.

But sometimes the hunters and warriors from all that section of the forest would congregate and sit around a great

fire, and the great smith would tell them stories of the gods and the dwarfs, and the giants, and the dragons that infested the far corners of the earth, and the end of all this, when Valhalla would be consumed in fire. And then he would lower his voice and tell in subdued tones of the time when man would assert his supremacy over the gods, when Valhalla and all that warred against her should be no more and man, the ideal man, wise and strong, and kind and loving, should rule all things. And all the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and all things living would acknowledge his might. And there would be no need of gods, for man himself would be god, and his might and greatness would overcome all evil in the world, and there would be no more sin or suffering, and the golden age would return once more. For so it was written in the sages, that had been told him by travelers who stopped at his hut for shelter.

"But how can man be god, if man is man?" asked the hunter.

"Look within you," said the smith. "Have you not within you god? Are not your sins and follies outgrowths, which do not belong to you? When you were young did you conceive those sins before they were taught to you? Be truly what your inmost heart dictates, and you will be yourself a god."

And all his hearers would listen aghast. But who could know better than the smith if that were so?

"But can we ever hope to be gods?" they asked themselves.



"No," they answered themselves, "we are to imperfect, but the smith, he is all that is perfect; he has never yet done a wrong thing, and he might be a god." And so they grew into the idea, and all were surely convinced that man might be god, as the sages said.

One evening there was a knock at the door of the smith's hut. It was evening, and the cool breezes were just beginning to move after the twilight calm. And the afterglow still lingered in the heavens. The smith opened the door.

Outside there stood a little man who scarcely came up in height to the smith's waist. He was loosely clad in a leathern garment, and had a dog's skin thrown about his shoulders. His face was grimy, and a diabolical grin seemed to linger in his face, even when he was telling his woes.

"Give me shelter, and food for the night," he whined. "and do not turn a poor man out to the mercies of the wolves."

"With all my heart," answered the smith, "make this thy home for the night, and when the morning comes go on the way in the fair light the gods have given us."

The dwarf entered. The smith brought forth his best meat and made a fire in front of the hut. Roast this meat upon the spits, while I draw the wine."

Now the laws of hospitality in those lands required that every one who came as a guest should be given the best of shelter and food and meat, and the guest was received as one of the home. Therefore if cooking was to be done, he must cook, if cutting he must cut.

But the dwarf moaned.

"Nay, my hands would feel the heat, and my shins are so tender."

Now of all the catiffs who breathe the smith hated worst, the shirker. "Go to it, knave," he called, "nor nothing shalt thou have to eat."

"What, wilt you let a poor man starve?" He skulked sullenly away from the fire, and sat down. "I will show the burly dog," he muttered, "who is master. I will show that strength is not power."

The smith returned and set two flasks of wine upon the stone table. Then seeing the dwarf still sulking, without more words he put the meat upon the spit and began roasting it. Stealthily, in the twilight, the dwarf then stole toward the wine flasks, and drew from beneath his garment a vial. He emptied a few drops of the vial into the wine and returned to his seat beneath the great ash tree.

Soon the meat was done and the smith prepared to eat his meal alone. In the darkling woods behind him he heard a low chuckle. "Ha, ha, ha, Strength is not power."

"In this be strength for tomorrow's task," cried the smith as he drained the first flask. Then he reeled and fell to the ground.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the woods behind him. "Strength is not power." And looking around he beheld his guest, the dwarf, grinning from behind the ash tree. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Then far away came the sound of a hunting horn. Nearer and nearer it came, and with it the bark of dogs and the sound of horses' hoofs. Presently from out of the recesses of the forest there appeared a hunting party. In it were the neighbors and friends of the smith, for all had been on a hunt that day. They stopped aghast at the sight that met their eyes. Their friend, the smith, lying helpless on the ground.

"Friends, companions, I am killed. My life is going away."

"Who did this foul deed?" asked the leader of the party.

"Ha, ha! I did it, came a voice from behind the ash tree. But follow



me not into these brambles, for I am smaller than you! I did it! Ha, Ha, Ha!"

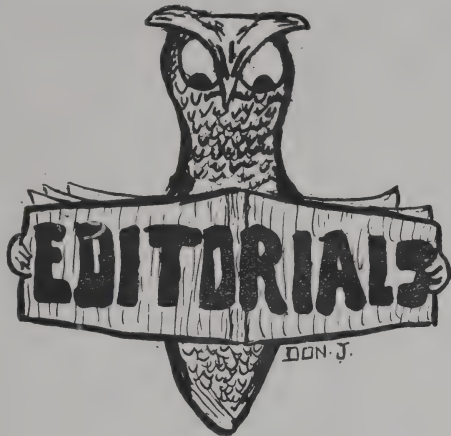
"Yes, villain, you did it," cried the smith. "In my weakness I know now that my strength is of no avail. Oh, friends, what good is life when there is sin, or strength since it can be conquered by pain? I die a catiff's death, and annihilation and not Valhalla is awaiting me. Oh, how is man a god and almighty when death is greater? Down, down on your knees, friends, and beseech the Ruler of all, whether he be

Odin or the sun, or some one we know not of, beseech Him to save you and have mercy upon you. For your lives are in His hands, and how strong soever you may be, or how good, the darkness of death may tonight close in upon you and heedless swallow you and your curses."

And the party shuddered once more, as they saw the good smith sink down lifeless on the ground, and heard from the depths of the forest a laugh as of the malicious creatures in the myths, that echoed and re-echoed in the night stillness, "ha, ha, ha!"







## The Caldron.

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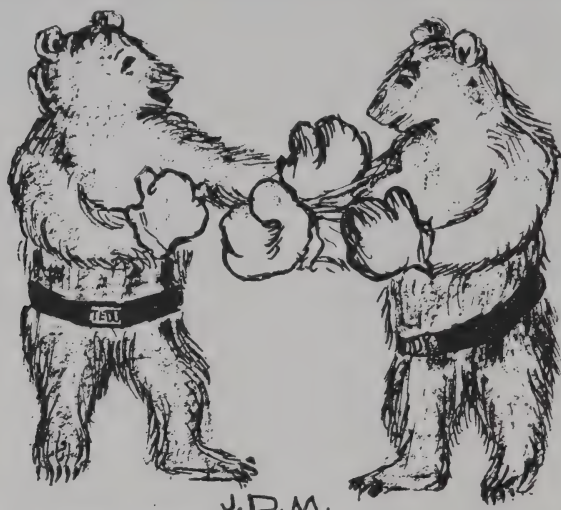
Single Copy .....	10 and 15 cents
Per year .....	75 cents
Mail Subscriptions .....	90 cents

A prize of \$1.00 will be offered each month for best story handed to the Literary Editor before the first day of the month.

The Freshmen have reasons to feel not a little proud of their number of the Caldron. The new original drawings are especially commendable. But with all its merits, this number shows to its readers this one lamentable fact, that the Freshmen boys suffer from severe inertia—either laziness or indifference. The mere reading of the stories of this number would make this statement undeniable. See for yourself. We have here two stories written by girls and for girls. These were the only contribution of the class of '10 to the literary department of the '10 Caldron. Had one or two boys of the class scraped up enough gumption to write something, their efforts surely would not have been unworthy ones.

The Caldron staff would appreciate any special care which contributors may take in the manner in which manuscripts are handed in. Clearness and neatness of a manuscript helps the printer and proofreader immensely. Write on one side of the sheet only.





# ATHLETICS

The athletic spirit at the present time is practically dead, there seemingly to be more knocking than boosting.

Every boy student of the Fort Wayne High School should take an interest in the welfare of the athletics of his school. The athletics can be brought to the front if each one will endeavor to help them along.

Base ball will be the next in the athletic lore. We have good material and can develop it if we will.

In September much excitement was caused by the flag rush. The Freshmen of 1910 class voted old gold and purple as their class colors, and wanted to raise them but the Sophomores opposed. The Freshman boys gathered together and proposed the raising of their colors at night, and night was selected, but of course the Sophomores found it out and were ready to meet them.

A great number gathered the first night and hustled a bit, but it did not seem to decide anything, nor have any serious

consequences, with the exception of one boy who was relieved of about a handful of his hair.

The boys did not feel satisfied with the way things turned out so they planned to enter the building and raise their colors the following week. They felt confident that they would succeed. They made a dummy to attract the attention of anyone who might be inside of the building. They managed to get in and hoist their colors but alas! who else was there? and janitor and Mr. Lane! The spirit of the boys fell. A few of them were captured and received a good talking to but the others escaped. Mr. Lane tore down the colors and threw them out of the building. The Sophomore boys were eager to grab them but—they fell upon one of the wires in front of the building and were out of reach. So the boys went home, thinking enough excitement had happened for the evening.

Things went along smoothly until the



next noon. The Sophomores got out a few minutes earlier than the Freshmen and one of them climbed the pole from which the wire upon which the colors hung, was suspended and managed to get them loose. There began the final stand of the Sophomores.

The Freshmen with the help of the Juniors tustled for about ten minutes, then one of the Sophomore boys succeeded in breaking away with the colors but was soon overtaken. Then a number of Juniors made a rush and succeeded in tumbling a few over on the sidewalk, a few more Freshmen dashed in and one of them succeeded in tearing them loose from the hands of the Sophomores, and dashed away at the top of their speed and after succeeding in giving the Sophs the slip mounted a wheel and rode away, victorious.

Nothing else was done toward the continuing the rush, for the Sophomores found out that the Freshmen had a little spirit left. The Freshmen boys were smiling and the Sophomores did a bit of grumbling afterward.

The 1910 Bowling team expects after a few more weeks' practice to be able to accept a challenge from any team of the school at the Brunswick.

A number of Freshmen made a good showing in the gymnasium last term.

---

## Senior Victory

---

When the Senior's team defeated the Junior's team in a game of captain ball March 1, the Seniors had occasion to rejoice.

They had a team some of the members of which had never seen, let alone participated in a game. The team had no previous practice and knew nothing about team work. This was the team they pitted against one which contained the flower of the school in gymnastics and athletics, and was well trained in the game. The most sanguine did not look for victory, but the unexpected happened and the Seniors won by a score of eleven to ten. The members of the Senior team were Crosby, Gumper, (Capt.) Wass, Benninghoff, Woolf, Porter, McKay, Colmey and Kelley. The Juniors were Lane, Carter, Arnold, Evans, Harris, (Capt.) Ashley, Springer and Miller. The playing of Crosby, Gumper, Wass, Lane and Arnold was commendable.

The Seniors scored a second victory in captain ball over the Sophomores—score 12 to 6.



# FRESHVILLE GAZETTE

FOUNDED MARCH, 1907

Page 1

## BIG WRECK!!!

### ON J. & R. R. R.

High School, March 18, 1907.

Train No. 31, leaving Rothertville at 9:15 a. m. collided with train No. 35. Both met at a sharp curve (main stair way') The result was disastuous. Total number of persons killed, 3; more or less injured, 7; engineer jumped in time to save his life.

The dead are as follows.

R. Morris, unmarried.

M. Long, married, leaves for children.

H. Comparet, widow.

The injured:

B. Winch, seriously, overcoat soiled.

D. McClure, feeling hurt.

M. Purcell, complexion ruined.

M. Saylor, hands burnt.

G. Henline, bruises about brain.

F. Bradshaw, head bumped.

L. McCurdy, corduroy pants scorched.

#### CAUSE OF WRECK.

The cause of the wreck was due to switchman McCormick neglecting Jaysville switch.

#### THE WEATHER

F. W. H. S., March 12

Forecast for March and April.

Jayburgh—Fair, March and April in the brilliant district.

Rothertville—Cloudy for March and thunderstorms as a result of poor recitations.

## FEARFUL EXPLOSION

High School, Feb. 22, 1907.

As a result of too much steam pressure in one of the pipes which run underneath the floor of the second floor there was a tremendous explosion, tearing up the floors and destroying the wall paper within a range of 50 feet.

#### THE CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSION.

It is believed that the cause of the explosion was due to the fact Chief Engineer Brown over slept himself and that C. E. Popp had not yet made his morning calls.

Go to Smaltz for red sweaters, wing collars and Baltimore stoggies.

## OFFICERS MONTHLY REPORT

Owing to the many New Year's resolutions the month of March has been rather quiet, for the number of umbrellas reported missing reached the low number of 157.

Caps seen leaving the building, 31.

Books missing (by accidents), 70.

Number of foolish questions asked, 1911.

Two suspicious looking tramps who gave the fictious names of Pat. McCurdy and Mike McCaskey were pinched for loitering and given two minutes in which to leave (town) the hall.

1910

## FRESHMAN STATISTICS

1910

NAME	Age	Recent Occupation	Favorite Pastime	Redeeming virtue	Disposition	Faults	Affectionate Towards	Aim in Life
Georgia Saylor	30 yrs.	Benching her neighbors	Going to the library	Her sweet smile	Bossy	Frequently visiting Latin students	M. McK	Play Basket Ball
Irma Poole -	18 yrs	Studying	Looking pretty	Her curls	Sweet	Hasn't any	Culver	To be a Music Teacher
Francis Telley -	Sweet 16	Walking the hall	Roller skating	Her good nature	Sunny	Killing time	Every jolly boy	To be the wife of a Morman
Ray Smalz -	2 yrs.	Walking in from the country	Jollying girls	His watch fobs	Like the weather	Smalz has many faults	V. B.	To be a farmer
Helen Morris -	Hard to find out	Rubbering	Reading novels	Her good looks	Kiddish	Has none (?)	Ed. McC	School teacher
E. Hattersley -	Little over 6 mos.	Walking to school with M. S.	Slamming	His dimples	Mean	His laugh	F. B.	To be a midgit
Clara Bash -	Ask her?	Being expelled from school	Talking	Her ruby lips	Jolly	Ask her teacher	A. G.	To get married
F. Barton -	10 yrs.	Flirting	Playing	His eyes	Fair	Guess	To many	To go on the stage
Reuben Morris -	28 yrs.	Studying for the ministry	Smoking	His size	Very changeable	Picking on kids his size	His pipe	To be a bachelor





We wish to state for the benefit of those who do not know, that our paper is the Caldron and is published by the Senior class of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School. It is not Cauldron, Caldean, or Caldon, although it may sound very much like it.

It is very pleasing to receive exchanges from other schools, but when those "other schools" seal the envelopes and amounts to three and four times the regular cost of sending must be paid, it is not so pleasing.

It is very convenient for the reader to have a "table of contents," but when for lack of other space it must be printed on the front page, then do away with that convenience in order not to depreciate your paper. Consider Index.

Wabash loudly praises its winner of second place in the state oratorical contest, and well it may. Wabash has one of the largest exchange columns of any paper.

I stood upon a mountain,  
I looked down on a plain,  
I saw a lot of green stuff,  
It looked like waving grain.  
I took another look,  
I thought it must be grass,  
But, goodness! To my horror,  
It was the Freshman class.

The Red and Black of Logansport, Indiana, has greatly improved with the February number. The printing is distinguishable and the colors are harmonious.

When Jimmie asked, she lost her head,  
He grew a trifle bolder,  
Made search for it distractedly  
And found it on his shoulder.

If a seventeen-year-old girl wants to remember anything the thing for her to do is to paste the memorandum on her mirror.

Of all green words  
Of tongue or pen,  
The greenest are these—  
"Nineteen and ten."

#### OUR GRADES.

Does P stand for Paradise,  
Or do we get stung?  
Does E stand for Excellency,  
Or is our requiem rung?  
Does G stand for God Gracious,  
He's flunked again?  
Does F stand for Famous?  
Where does it come in?

Prof.—"Decline 'das Bier.'"  
Student.—"I do."  
Prof.—"Do what?"  
Student.—"Decline"



# Society

## DELTA SIGMA NU

On February 2d a business and social meeting was held at the home of Ewing Bond.

February 16th the members of the fraternity enjoyed a stag supper at the home of Herbert Fee.

A meeting followed by a social evening was held on March 1st at James Porter's.

## BETA PHI UPSILON

On the 18th of February James Louttit entertained the "Frat" at an "eat" in honor of his 17th birthday. Mr. W. W. Knight acted as toast-master. Several responded with toasts.

## GAMMA DELTA TAU.

On Saturday, February 23, Gwendolyn Saylor entertained the sorority in honor of Constance Keplinger, who spent Washington's birthday in the city.

Albertina Bona was initiated into the sorority.

Margaruite Fee and Virginia Olds have been pledged for the sorority.

## ALPHA OMEGA.

Irma Henderson entertained the active members of the sorority at pedro on February 23.

## ETA ALPHA.

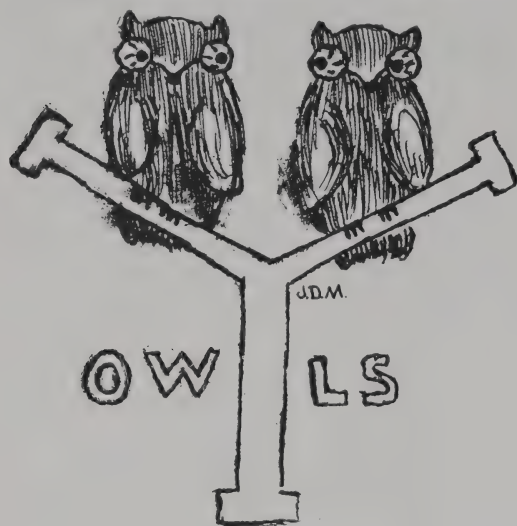
Miss Erma Tapp entertained the Eta Alpha girls and their boy friends at a masquerade barn dance February 15. The barn was decorated with strings of hearts, banners and red crepe streamery.

Mr. Edmund Hamilton, of the class of '06, and Miss Helen Waterman, of the present graduating class, were married on Saturday eve, February 23. The union was a surprise to all the school friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, but we all join in congratulating them, and sincerely hope that "Love's young dream" was realized.

The class of '08 will give a complimentary dance to the Seniors on Friday eve, April 12.

The class of '09 is planning to give the customary Senior class play the last part of April or the first of May.





It takes a little more time for us to do good laundry work, but it gives you better satisfaction and the linen extended life. Be convinced at the Phone 160. TROY LAUNDRY.

D. C.—Did you ever live in Huntington, Mabel?

Mabel S.—Yes! I lived there seven years.

D. C.—When was that?

M. S.—Oh! I lived there 'till I was 6 years old.

Tuxedo Suits, \$20 to \$40.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Freshie,—“He was killed. He died from the effects.”

See the new Spring Clothing at the Patterson-Fletcher Co. store.

Freshman (looking out of window)—This is my topic sentence.

Miss H.—Read it to me.

Freshie—I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul.

We do not want to convey the idea that we cut the quality in order to make the price at the Phone 160. TROY LAUNDRY.

Miss H.—What were the dark ages?  
Freshie—When they didn't have light.

We believe we can do better work than you are in the habit of getting elsewhere. For proof, try the Phone 160. TROY LAUNDRY.

William S. (in literature)—In Stephen's reign armical anarchy prevailed.

We have learned through long years of patient observation and care that slow, careful work is most sought after by appreciative people. This service will be rendered at the Phone 160 TROY LAUNDRY

Elliot P. (in literature)—A mouse caught a lion and was going to eat it.

Recitation,  
Hesitation,  
Pony Balked,  
Ruinatation.

M. P. (translating German)—A woman carries a mule to the city.

Dan B. (guilty actions show in words). If you see my mother tell her you have not seen her.

Ray S.—One of our chickens laid an egg yesterday.

M. Durfee—Did he?

M. Martz—His hair was dark black.

A. Gaunt—He was drowned to death.

“What's the use of lovin' if you can't love always.”—P. Schmidt.



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Oily to bed and oily to rise,  
Is the fate of a man  
When an auto he buys.

Riddle—Why does P. Schmidt like Tennyson's works?  
Ans.—Because she likes E. Lane (Elaine).

Ely Meyer, Stein Bloch, Hirsh Wickwire and Hart, Schaffner & Marx Spring Clothes at the Patterson-Fletcher Co. Store.

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—  
We want to sell you your graduating suit.  
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Miss Sperry—Is there no subject for this sentence.

I Poole—Yes; n-i-h-i-l.

Miss Sperry—Why, certainly nothing.

—  
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George Moritz (giving his description  
of a pretty girl)—I tell you the girl for  
me is one that has "real, snappy, black  
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“An orchard ran down the hill.”

“Standing on the northeast corner of  
Barr and Madison streets, my attention,  
etc.” Mr. McM.—“If this pupil’s atten-  
tion was standing there, there was some-  
thing wrong with him.”

“From the Allen county court house  
dome we get a panomoric view of Fort  
Wayne.”

Mr. McCormick (standing before a  
problem which he explained)—What do  
you think about it, Miss Caldwell.

R. Caldwell—I think it’s all right.

Mr. McC. (stepping aside)—I think  
I’d better stand aside.

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